# Our Youth.

*A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.*

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## RECEIVING AS WE GIVE.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

I WATCHED a mother lead her child;
She grew impatient at his play,
And chided him with long delay:
The boy looked up, at first, and smiled.

But seeing on her brow a frown,
His lips grew set, and on his face,
So full before of childish grace,
A cloud, like twilight, settled down.

"I hate you," said the baby voice,
And struck the hand, and ran away;
There was no pleasure in his play;
O foolish mother! yours the choice

To rear a saint, or spoil a soul;
To grow a garden full of weeds,
Or roses, from the kind of seeds
You plant. Your child, in your control,

Is like the clay: love answers love;
A smile brings back a smile, and wrath
Leaves only ashes in the path
Of life below, and life above.

## "SWEET SAINT VALENTINE."

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

"I'M sick of minding sisters!" said Jack, gloomily.

"It aint sisters, it's only one," responded Jessie, climbing upon a chair to flatten her nose against the window. "But then there might as well be six, Nan tells us so much not to do."

"Tells us *every thing* not to do," said Jack from the hearth-rug. "Can't go out because it's so stormy and can't play menagerie in the house because it's so noisy, nor have any valentine money because she wants it all for market. Besides, valentines *aint* babyish either! I wouldn't send *her* one after that, if I had 'em."

"Well, you haven't got 'em for any body," said Jessie, with a sniff of disappointment. "And every body going round with 'em to-morrow, and we the only ones in our class that wont have any! I wish mamma'd get well."

Grandmother, sitting in the corner by the fire, nodded emphatically at this remark. Grandmother was as low-spirited as the children this morning. It was inconvenient to have Maria laid aside, so that there was no one but Nan to help dress and undress the old lady. Nan was awkward, and seemed to be in a hurry while she waited on her grandmother. Besides, it was lonely, sitting there in the corner all day long, except when she was wheeled out to dinner. Nan did not think to come in and sit awhile, for a little talk now and then, as her mother always did.

"Young people are so thoughtless," said grandmother. She "wished mamma would get well," as heartily as Jessie.

It was a wild, dreary day, outside. The rain was falling and freezing as it fell, so that the streets were dangerously icy, and very few passers were to be seen. To-morrow every thing would be brilliant and beautiful under the winter sunshine; the trees would be hung all over with diamonds, and the children would all be out skating gayly along the slippery ways; but now the outlook was dismal in the extreme. Jessie dissolved into tears as she gazed, and Jack scowled harder than ever as he came to look over her shoulder.

"I wish we lived over at Miss Hale's house," he said, looking across at the old-fashioned mansion opposite. "See, Jessie, how bright it looks there, with the big fire and every thing! I wish we lived there, all by ourselves, you and me, and Miss Hale lived over here with Nan. Only we'd take mamma with us. Wouldn't it be nice. I'd have left a valentine there, if I'd had any, just because it would be so easy to run away before we'd be caught. She moves round so steady and sort of slow. See! there she is now."

A lady came to the window opposite and sat down with a heap of white sewing in her lap. A prim-looking little lady, with a plain, pale, insignificant face. The children would not have noticed her if there had been any thing more interesting to look at. People seldom did stop to notice Miss Hale.

Nobody else was in sight. There was only a discouraged-looking pigeon picking its way across the street. Jack and Jessie watched him listlessly until he flew away, and then turned back to the fire.

It was just then that Nan came in and stood a moment in the door-way, looking at the forlorn little group. She was a slender, bright-eyed girl, who would have been pretty but for the little lines in her forehead and the anxious droop about the corners of her mouth. Looking at her childish figure you would have thought her about fourteen. Looking at her face alone, you would have decided that she must be several years older. Poor little Nan!

"Mamma's a little better, grandmother," she said, coming forward and speaking so that the deaf old lady could hear. "She's asleep now, and I must run out and get something for dinner. No, you can't go, Jack, and you needn't tease. You'd be sure to tumble down and break your leg or something. Besides, they wouldn't do as well by you, you know. And Jessie—what are you crying for? It does seem—" Nan stopped hastily and bit her lip. "Well, there," she went on, after a pause, "don't cry, anyhow, and if it's because you couldn't play bears with mamma sick overhead, you ought to think about her a little. Why don't you and Jack go and set the table? It'll be almost dinner-time when I get back, and father wont like it if we're late. Will you, Jack, please?"

Jack got up from the floor, his frown clearing a little.

"You want us to help *you*, but you don't let *us* do a thing!" he said; but there was a more cheerful tone in his voice. It was something to be left in charge of the kitchen and dining-room. It never entered his head that Nan's proposal was made on his own account, and the two children went to work with a sense of magnanimity very soothing to their souls.

"There, they've gone too," sighed grandmother. "Nan, you don't take in at all how lonely I get. Your ma never leaves me alone so long. Even the children get sent off. When you get to be an old woman, you wont like to be left so!" A tear rolled over the old lady's nose as she spoke, and Nan stopped tying her veil to comfort her.

"You know it takes such lots of time to take care of mamma and do the work," she began, with a little tremble in her voice. "See here, grandmother, could you pare the potatoes? I could bring them in for you to do right here. It would be such a help, you know. And would you rather have chops or ham for dinner? I'll get just which you'd rather!"

Grandmother's face brightened visibly.

"O yes," she said, eagerly. "I can pare potatoes very fast! Bring them in, Nan, and I'll have them done when you get back. It's well I can use my hands so. And you'd better get mutton chops, dear. It's well you asked me, for your father likes them best. There! bring them in. You'll be late if you don't hurry."

There was a curious choking in Nan's throat as she passed out into the slippery street after settling the old lady with her work.

"There isn't *any body* to help, and it's all—just—dismal!" she said to herself, as she went slowly along the icy walk. There were tears glistening in the bright gray eyes. Nan felt very much alone just then. She did not see the face that turned to watch her as she went by; a pitying face, with eyes that grew dim behind their spectacles as they looked.

"Poor child!" sighed prim Miss Hale, at her window. "More worried than ever, I declare! Counting up her pennies for market, I dare say; and those children fretting, and like as not her mother worse. And she ought to be having a good time like other girls! If only they weren't so proud, or if I wasn't so shy, or if I'd known them longer! But there! you can't just walk into a house and say you've been watching the people, and the girl's wearing her life out, and you want to do the work a while."

She knitted her brows in a little perplexed way over her work. "Seems as if I must do something for her," she thought.

The work dropped from her hands after a moment. Nan, coming back with her brown paper bundle, saw her sitting so, gazing out of the window as if there were nothing in the world to do. She was smiling to herself a little. Nan wondered what she could be thinking of to look so happy as that. Her own sad little face grew brighter in response.

"Well, I suppose I might as well do the best I can, and not be cross about what can't be helped," she said to herself, as she went in-doors.

That day was one of the hardest since the mother's illness began for the little housekeeper. The work seemed to stretch out to an endless length, in spite of the erratic help of the children and grandmother. The weather grew colder, and there were fires to be kept up and bricks to be heated for the sick mother; and grandmother grew chilly and must be helped to bed earlier than usual, so that tea was late, and the tired father kept waiting. Nan cried quietly a long time that night, burying her face in the pillow and holding her breath so that Jessie should not hear.

"But I'll do the best I can," she said again, as she dropped asleep. "Mother said 'God bless you, Nannie,' anyhow, when I came to bed. I'm glad she called me Nannie. May be to-morrow wont be so bad."

It was just after breakfast the next morning that the ring came at the front door. Jack and Jessie had just started for school, in high spirits over the good prospects for coasting, and Nan was just finishing the dish-washing. She wiped her hands on the roller towel hastily, as she ran to the door. It was not time for the doctor, and she wondered who could be there so early.

And there it was! A box wrapped in tempting white paper, and tied with a red ribbon. Could it be a valentine? And addressed to "Miss Nan Rivers!" Nan stared at it in helpless wonder as she picked it up. There was nobody in sight. If the curtains across the way stirred a little as though some one were behind them, Nan did not see it. She went into the sitting-room, her whole face glowing with delight and wonder.

"Who can it be?" she cried, undoing the ribbon with trembling hands. "Think of it, grandmother, a valentine for me! And O!—"

Her voice failed for sheer pleasure. The box was full of flowers, and there were two or three little white cards among them. Nan lifted them almost reverently. When had flowers come into that house before in winter time? A mass of heliotrope, fragrant and dewy, a cluster of rich golden, white, and purple pansies, and two or three deep-hearted crimson roses. The room seemed to grow suddenly bright as the girl held them up. The tears were in her eyes again, but this time from pure happiness.

"To think of it—for me!" she said again.

"Read the cards, child!" said grandmother, delightedly, and Nan read:

" 'Listen!' whispers the heliotrope,
'I bring you a message free.
The royal purple all hearts may wear,
Who turn to the sun, like me,
And reach, through days that are dark and fair,
To the brightest thing they see.' "

"How may we gather heart's-ease
When fields are white with snow?
By every path where willing feet
Move to and fro in service sweet,
The flowers of comfort grow;
For patient souls that do and bear
Find spring where'er they go."

"Roses in the summer time
Breathe of life and glory;
Roses in the winter's chill
Bring a fairer story—
Breathe of flowery meadows sweet,
Green and fair above;
Where, though joy be dead below,
Blooms immortal Love."

Nan stood quite still, gazing at the flowers, when she had finished. The tears welled over and dropped on the pansies, but she smiled as they fell.

"It's the kind of valentine an angel might send," she said, under her breath. She was never a girl of many words. Only she went over and kissed grandmother gently, laying a rose in her lap before she went up stairs to show the box to her mother.

When Jack and Jessie came home the flowers were in two or three vases in mother's room and on the dinner table. Nan's face was bright and sweet as she brought in the dinner. Some beautiful thought was shining out of her eyes and making them soft and radiant at once. Her father smiled at her over the tea things as she sat opposite him. "It does a body good to see a face like that," he said.

And after dinner the two younger members of the family found life suddenly made delightful by two five-cent pieces Nan smuggled into their hands as they went to play.

"I saved it out of the dinner," she said, hastily. "I thought we didn't need quite so much meat, and there was plenty for father, anyhow. I *don't* think it's babyish, either, to have valentines. Only, Jack, dear, please don't get funny ones. Get the kind that will make people happy."

And Jack, with a great bear-like hug, promised. And not one of the family ever knew that Miss Hale, watching the joyous face that came now and then to the window throughout the day, laughed softly to herself, seeing it through a mist of happy tears.

## HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THE love of money as mere money and the wish to get it for its own sake is wrong, because it is selfish. The wish for money as a means to an end, as a means of getting learning, buying books, pictures, and other good and beautiful things, and as a means of making others happy, is both proper and

commendable. You should want money because it helps you to be worthy of the society of refined and cultivated people, because it is an aid toward the formation of a sweet and noble character. There may be good and charming people near you, but what avail is it if you have no money to buy books that you may inform yourself and make yourself fit for such society?

A certain person once said, "The world owes me a living." Here is a proverb which sounds very wise. It is really only the saying of a foolish and dishonest person. The world does not owe you a living. It is you who are in debt to the world. You go out upon the road, you cross the bridge, you are safe in the street from many dangers that were once common. You go to libraries, churches, art galleries, and public buildings. What did you contribute to all these things? Nothing. Thousands of men, and women too, toiled to make these things years before you were born. Thousands of people are working to-day to maintain these things. If the world owes you a living, who is to pay it to you? You see people all about you with money. They will not give it to you, and if you take it you will find yourself in prison. Only those who earn can have. Occasionally a man has what is not his, as when he gambles in Wall Street, but there is a fatal character about all money a man does not earn. It has wings, and some day they spread and you are left desolate, and then it is you will find that the world will quietly let you starve in the street, because it owes you nothing you have not earned.

These two things are important and should be remembered. It is right and proper to want to make money, but money that is not earned will never bring any good thing, will never bring any satisfaction.

We will suppose you have nothing save a wish to do something, a roof over your head, and a fair suit of clothes. Of course, if you have not even these you must sell your labor anywhere you can and for what you can get till you earn enough to hire a shelter from the weather and to buy some clothing of some kind. We will suppose you are better off than this; that you have, at least for the present, a home and friends who will see that you do not suffer for food or run any risks of losing your health because you are not properly clad. You have not to think of these things this very day, though it is highly important that you get money as soon as possible lest you suffer the shame and humiliation of being dependent on others. We must suppose one thing more. You must have good health. If you do not have it, every thing must be sacrificed to getting it. How and why you lost your health does not concern us now. It is purely a personal matter. The thing to do is, first of all, to get well, and we will talk about earning money afterward.

You are well and strong, not in immediate want, and wish to earn money. Good. What do you need first? Capital. You have it already. It is in two forms—time and your physical and mental labor. With these two you can conquer the world and win a fortune. First, of time. There are twenty-four hours in your day as well as mine. You cannot say you have no time. You have the whole of the solar day. You have twenty-four hours from midnight to midnight. We begin at midnight. You are, of course, asleep. You must have seven hours sleep, and if you retired at ten o'clock, you have five hours left. Every hour you sleep beyond five o'clock is simply a waste of capital. You can dress by six, have breakfast and the thirty minutes' rest after breakfast all over by seven, and your work can begin. You eat certain food at breakfast. That food when digested will give you capital in the way of bodily or mental power for five or six hours. Again you have capital. If you waste your capital by eating the wrong food or idling away your time that is your affair, not mine.

We will suppose you do not waste your capital, that you rise early, eat proper food, take time to digest it, and are ready to work at seven o'clock sharp. What will you do? Ah! There's the question! What can you do? What *can* you do?

The answer seems almost amusing, as if the matter, instead of being a pretty grim reality, were only a rare joke. What can you do? You must do just what you like. There is the one great secret. What do you like to do? Find this out and do it.

You may like base-ball. All right. Then put your heart and soul into it and be a great base-ball player, be an authority on base-ball, read every book written about base-ball in any language. Learn French, if you must read that famous French treatise, written in the sixteenth century, on "The Short Stop as Related to the Home Base." Be an authority on base-ball, and some day you will write a book on base-ball which every club will order and put in its bag with the bats. Perhaps you will be appointed to the position of Intelligent Umpire for the Quagmire Club, and thus in time lay the foundation of a great fortune. This is the secret of the matter—do what you like—for that which you like you will do well. Base-ball may not be a lofty aim, but it is an aim, and that is a great deal. Perhaps you like tatting. All right! Make tatting, but make it the most beautiful tatting ever seen and you may some day command a dollar a yard for it, because it is the finest tatting ever seen in the world. This is the meaning of the question: What can you do? What particular thing do you prefer? What do you like to do? Find this out first of all.

To assist in this matter let us look about and see what other people do, and then we can decide what you may select. At first there seems to be a bewildering variety of trades and occupations, but a little thought shows they may be classified into a few simple groups. These are agriculture, manufactures, commerce, the arts, the professions, mining, and fishing. As you are at home and wish to do something for yourself, we must select from these a few minor branches or subdivisions that can be carried on by one person, and that do not require the spending of much money for tools and materials. Manufactures, mining, commerce, and fishing will not offer us much. In the arts, professions, and in agriculture we shall find a great deal that offers promising fields for work. For instance, a good picture will command a fair price in any of our larger cities. All you need is canvas, paints, and brushes—and the ability to paint. A first-rate sermon can be preached for good pay. All you need is a few sheets of paper, a pen, and some ink—and the ability to write sermons. Given the ability, the actual cost of time, labor, and materials is very small. So it comes to this—have you any ability for any thing? Can you paint, or draw, or embroider, or whittle, or run a lathe, or a typewriter, or sing, or make pies, or pickles? Find out what you can do, and what you like to do, and do that.

It will be the aim to consider one trade or art at a time, and to see if there is any thing in it that any young man or young woman can take up alone, and on their own account, with a reasonable prospect of earning money. The day is now long past when any man can say, "This or that is a man's work, and no woman must do it." A young girl is just as free to decide what she shall do as any boy. She may do any thing she likes, and we shall be pretty sure she will not like to do any thing that would not be proper for her to do. The first work is essentially a girl's work and is almost as old as the race. No doubt women began to work before men. In the old days men hunted or fished for food, and women worked in the cave that made the first human home. It was then she used the first tool that was not a weapon. The stone hatchet is older, perhaps, than the needle, but the hatchet was at first a defense against the cave-bear and the mammoth. The needle was thus the first real tool, and to-day its use is a fine art called *Stitchery*. To this old trade we will next week attend.

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THE finny armies clog the twine
That sweeps the lazy river.
But pearls come singly from the brine
With the pale diver.—*James G. Holland.*

## BERT'S VALENTINE.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Say, Jim, the boys are all agog,
A-writing valentines;
With love and lassies, hearts and darts,
You never saw such lines.
I wouldn't write such spoony stuff,
All dimples, smiles, and curls;
I choose you for my valentine,
You're worth a million girls.

You know we're partners, ever since
The time we camped together;
And lots of fun we two have seen,
In every sort of weather.
But what's the use of girls that scream
At spiders and at snakes,
And giggle like a set of loons
When fellows make mistakes.

You helped to thrash the Milltown boys,
And pulled their banner down;
You beat at football, when we met
The Reds at Fairfield town.
You played the famous Easter match
And won it for our nine;
You're just the kind of chap I want
To be my valentine.

## REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

### CHAPTER XI.

BOMBAY.

Ten days after the events of the last chapter, Rex and Reddy spent an afternoon ashore in Bombay. They had visited the splendid structure known as the "Sailor's Home," unequaled in the world in its size and equipment, costing nearly four lakhs of rupees, of which more than half was "contributed" by His Highness Khunderao Gaekwar. They had peeped into the cozy cottage across the way from it, built for the Young Men's Christian Association. They had "taken in" the long row of lofty public buildings which in point of architecture places Bombay at the head of all cities in the East. They had walked round Elphinstone Circle, and passed out of the "Fort," as the European quarter is called, into the native town. Here the streets were narrow, and lined with stores, and through them rolled a denser tide of life than the boys had ever seen before.

"I'll be jiggered," said Reddy, "if this don't beat Five Points! If the beggars would only keep still, I'd like to count how many there are twenty-five feet each way."

"And what a variety there are," said Rex; "there seem to be no two alike."

"Rather free and easy about their dress," remarked Reddy; "don't cost much for an outfit in this climate," as two olive-skinned Hindus, naked to the waist and carrying a heavy burden between them, hastened past. But while some were half naked, and others allowed their long, white robes to fly open and expose the chest, all wore a turban of some kind.

"Just see that woman!" exclaimed Reddy. "I'll bet she is a coolie, for she's picking up the very dirt of the streets; but isn't she *tony?* What sort of a dress is that any way?"

They both looked at her curiously.

"Why, it's only a long piece of cloth folded around her and draped; but did you ever see any thing done so gracefully?"

"And there goes another woman in the same rig," said Reddy, "only she must have broken into a jewelry shop."

Rex smiled, for Reddy's remark was not without reason. Not to mention the rings on her fingers, the woman wore on each arm two bracelets; her ankles were adorned with similar ornaments; the second toe of each foot was encircled with a ring, and also the left side of her nose. All these ornaments were of silver.

"Imagine her walking down Broadway," said Reddy, with a grin.

"No doubt we look as strange to her as she does to us," said Rex.

"What are these dabs of paint which the people have on their foreheads?" asked Reddy. "Some of them are round; some straight across; some up and down; all sorts, in fact."

"I don't know for certain," Rex replied, "but I guess they are caste marks. The natives here, you know, are all divided into castes—awfully rigid divisions they are too—and I suppose they have to renew the caste mark after each bath."

"I guess you've hit it," said Reddy, "but what a lot of castes there must be!"

"There goes a Parsee," said Rex. "No mistaking that hat; and that must be his family with him, but such gaudy colors! Why, the children are walking rainbows done in silk!"

They passed a curious structure as they went along—a building apart by itself, standing higher than the rest, with a yard in front. In this yard was a peculiar-looking tree, and on one side a cow was lying down chewing her cud. Around the tree some Hindus were walking, mumbling some unintelligible words, and stooping occasionally to lay down at its foot a bouquet of flowers. In the building itself, which was open, some people were kneeling.

"That must be a temple," said Rex; "and that's the sacred cow, and the sacred tree, and these people are actually bowing down to idols!"

Reddy looked up. His friend's tone betrayed strong emotion. It was Rex's first contact with actual heathendom. He seemed to realize for the first time what idolatry is—its dreadful mistake, its necessarily debasing influence—and his expressive face showed the shock he felt.

Reddy stood still and fanned himself with his hat, for the day was hot. He had a secret admiration for his friend's moral sensibilities and courage, but he said nothing.

An empty carriage which had been following them for some time, was driven up at this moment, and the Hindu driver, making a profound *salaam*, and addressing Rex as *sahib*, asked, in broken English, if he would ride. Rex turned to Reddy inquiringly.

"I'm in," replied that youngster, laconically, suiting the action to the word. Rex followed him.

"Drive slow; stop at the Market," he said to the driver.

They passed a substantial stone building on the left, standing in the midst of extensive grounds.

"What is that?" they asked the driver.

With some difficulty he made them understand that it was the School of Art, founded by the benevolent Parsee, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, who had also given to the city a great hospital and to the Parsees a Benevolent Institution.

Reddy seemed greatly tickled at the Parsee's name. He asked the driver to pronounce it again.

"'Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy'—well, I'll be switched if that don't beat all the names I ever heard. Write it down, Rex. I don't want to lose it. I'll try that on old Norris next time he comes off liberty. If he can get his tongue round that all right, I'll pass him;" and he made a ridiculous attempt to pronounce the words in the thick, jumbling way in which a drunken sailor tries to show that he is all right by his speech and only betrays that he is all wrong.

They reached the Market—a handsome structure, with a lofty clock tower—and went in. To the right stretched a wing which seemed to be devoted wholly to fruit and flowers. There were stalls filled with fragrant jessamines, roses, verbenas,

etc. Rex was delighted; but Reddy was attracted to the stalls where a green aromatic leaf, spread with lime, and wrapped round a bit of betel nut, was offered for sale and very much patronized—the *pan soparee*, the favorite luxury with the natives. He tried one, but soon spat it out, and declared it to be not half so good as "navy plug," which he immediately substituted for it. Rex tried some bananas, and made an attempt at a mango, which he had shortly to give up and wipe his fingers. The display of vegetables was a great wonder to him, the specimens being so much larger and finer than those grown at home.

They gave a quick glance at the beef market, and then at the mutton and fish and poultry markets, which occupied separate buildings, and then returned to the carriage.

"Drive to Pinjrapole!" said Rex to the driver.

"And will your highness stoop to tell me what Pinjrapole is?" asked Reddy.

"Don't you remember? It's the hospital for animals which the chaplain told us about, that the Banians keep up?"

"And who are the Banians? and why, in the name of goodness, do they have a hospital for animals? and—"

"Belay!" said Rex, laughing. "Not too many questions at once. The Banians are a numerous caste and a high one, next to the Brahmans, and they don't believe in taking life, not even of vermin, and they do believe in taking care of all kinds of life."

"Part of their religion?"

"Yes."

"What would one of 'em do if a hornet got after him with his business end ready for a jab?"

"I give it up!" said Rex. "But seriously, not only the Banians, but the Brahmans, and also the Buddhists, or Jains, do not believe in taking animal life."

"What do they do for scouse?"

"Eat rice and vegetables."

"Nice fellers they'd be to go to sea, if they couldn't eat salt horse. I guess we hadn't better jine them sects."

The driver stopped at a lane. They got out and went down it, and found themselves in the strangest infirmary in the world—a menagerie stocked not with rare and sleek specimens, but with collections of sick and helpless birds and beasts, foreign and domestic; elephants and geese; ravens, rabbits, rats; buzzards and ducks; apes, peacocks, vultures, fowl—but it would take too long to catalogue even the species. And such forlorn, pitiable objects met their gaze as they went from compartment to compartment—a monkey on crutches, a buffalo cow covered with festering sores, a sheep lying on his side and painfully expiring—and such loathsome smells!

"I'm blest if I like this!" said Reddy.

They were conducted last of all into a court where the dogs were caged. Instantly a hundred canine throats were in full blast. The poor creatures jumped at the bars in spasms of piteous appeal to be released from their confinement. These dogs were not sick; they had been found straying about the streets and brought there for safe keeping; and every one, dog-like, rebelled against detention. "O let us out!" they beseeched, with cries that were almost human.

"I can't stand it no longer!" said Reddy. "Let's get out of this, or I shall do something desperate."

As they were about to leave the place the gate-keeper courteously placed a book in Reddy's hand. He opened it, and found that it was the "Visitors' Book," in which they wrote their names, and such words of praise or blame as they saw fit to add. Reddy took a pen and scrawled rapidly:

"I'd like to go through this place with a Gatling gun.

"JACK REDDY, 1st class boy, U. S. S. *Scranton*."

Rex thought for a moment, and then wrote as follows:

"I respect the motive which erected and sustains this hospital; but it seems to me that these suffering brutes, if they were allowed to choose, would prefer death to prolonged misery. REX RANSOM, Coxswain, U. S. S. *Scranton*."

They jumped into the carriage and were driven to Malabar Hill. The day was exceedingly hot, and the boys were silent for a while. Then Reddy yawned, and inquired what they were to see next.

Rex explained that Malabar Hill was a high ridge of land, forming the western cape of the Island of Bombay; that some of the finest private residences in the city were located here; that one of the government houses occupied the end of it, and that near by was the holy tank of Walkeshwur; and that on the top was the Parsee compound, containing the famous "towers of silence."

"What tank did you call that?" asked Reddy.

"Walkeshwur," said Rex. "May be we shall have time to go to it. I believe, however, that it is hardly worth the trouble. The sacred water is said to be a dirty, slimy green. There is a colony of fat, lazy Brahmans there, who regard themselves as the holiest of that Pharisaic caste."

"But what is the tank used for?"

"For religious bathing. Thousands go there and dip themselves on the feast days."

"Better drop that out of our programme," said Reddy. "Queer idea that of the Parsees, to feed their dead to vultures! Is that a part of their religion?"

"Of course."

"Well, it seems to me that people are awfully religious out here. Why don't the Parsees bury their dead, as we do?"

"Because the earth is sacred, and a dead body would defile it, they think."

"Must be pretty well defiled by this time," rejoined Reddy. "I spoke a piece once at a mission school—'Thanatopsis'—all about 'the millions that have laid them down,' you know," and he repeated a stanza or two.

"No doubt Bryant is right," said Rex, "but the Parsees are consistent. Believing as they do, they couldn't act otherwise. You see, not only the earth, but the air, the water, and fire are also sacred; so they cannot bury their dead, nor burn them, nor sink them in the sea, nor expose them to the air. The only course left is to have them devoured in the speediest manner possible. That must be one of 'the holy birds of Ormuzd,'" he said, pointing to a vulture, black as midnight, circling round a palm-tree that rose behind a high wall.

"I s'pose we can't get in there," said Reddy.

"Not without a pass."

"How mean! We can't even see the towers—nothing but a high wall and palm-trees!"

The carriage was stopped on a sort of bridge opposite to the entrance of the compound. The approach to the gate was directly beneath them—down seventy or eighty stone steps.

"I suppose we might as well drive on," said Reddy. "What else is there to see?"

Just then a Parsee came out of the compound and walked slowly down the steps. Rex jumped out of the carriage and ran down the hill and intercepted him. After a brief conversation the Parsee beckoned to the driver to drive down to the shade of some trees.

On arriving there Rex explained to Reddy that the gentleman would not only arrange for them to enter the compound, but would return himself with them and show them all that was permitted to be seen.

On going in their guide took them first to the right, to a spacious terrace. The panorama was a wonderful one. Below them lay a dense forest of palm-trees, and beyond these, the great city itself in all its breadth and beauty, stretching far to the left, and tapering on the right in the gently curving Cape of Colabba; while still farther beyond lay the broad harbor with its islands and ships, with the mountains of the Concan in the distant background. The boys were delighted with the view.

Leaving the terrace and passing round a building, they found themselves in a broad area, a part of which was laid out as a garden.

Scattered over the area were five massive circular towers, finished in white plaster. On the rim of one of these several vultures were perched, some of them so gorged with a recent

feast on human flesh that their wings hung down, and it looked as though they could hardly hold themselves on their feet! Reddy wanted to go up close to the towers, but was told that barriers were set, beyond which none but the corpse-bearers were allowed to go.

The guide explained to them that as soon as a death occurred the body is taken in charge by persons appointed for the purpose, and removed to the lowest part of the house. At the funeral no carriages are used; the mourners, dressed in white, invariably walk to the compound by twos, each couple holding a handkerchief between them to express sympathy. None but the corpse-bearers enter the towers, which are open to the sky, and have a well in the center, the solid platform around it being divided into three concentric sections, and these sections being subdivided by radiating grooves into slabs, each large enough to hold a body. The outer space is for men, the middle for women, the inner for children. The corpse-bearers lay the dead body upon one of these slabs, or small sections, and then with hooks tear the clothes from the body, in obedience to the precept, "Naked came we into this world, and naked do we depart hence." Meanwhile the vultures are circling about, scenting their prey, and swoop down the moment the attendants leave. In less than two hours the flesh is consumed, and what the vultures leave, the crows finish. The bones are allowed to bleach, and when they become brittle, they are pushed into the well in the center, the conduits of which are lined with charcoal. "The rich and the poor meet together in death; the Lord is the maker of them all."

"And what do the attendants do with the clothes?" Rex asked.

"They throw them into that tower yonder," the Parsee said, pointing to a small tower near the path.

He then showed them a model of the "dakhma," or "tower of silence," and answered the questions which the boys put to him.

On taking leave of their courteous guide, the boys thanked him, and invited him to visit the *Scranton*, which he promised to do.

Driving back to town along Queen's Road, Rex and Reddy discussed what they had just seen and heard, with a good deal of earnestness. To Rex the Parsee method of disposing of the dead was repulsive in the highest degree. Reddy maintained that it would not be hard for him to reconcile himself to it if he believed as the Parsees did.

A sickening smell and a cloud of smoke on the road-side to the left interrupted their discussion.

"What is that?" Rex asked the driver.

The latter succeeded in mustering English enough to explain that the Hindus burned their dead, and that a funeral pyre had just been lighted.

The boys jumped out of the carriage, made their way through the adjoining Mohammedan burying-ground, climbed a wall and looked down. A great pile of wood was burning about twenty feet away, and somewhere in it a human body was being reduced to ashes; but they could see nothing but a naked foot.

"Well, Reddy, which do you choose—the vultures or the flame?" Rex asked, as they came down to the road.

"I think I'd rather take my chance with the sharks," Reddy replied, as he jumped into the carriage.

Both boys had queer dreams that night.

[*To be continued.*]

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As a horse and cart, apparently with a load of hay, were about to pass the Custom House of Vroenhoven, on the Belgian frontier, the animal suddenly stopped, and either could not or would not budge an inch. Two customs officers came up to lend a hand, whereupon the driver took to his heels. It turned out that the hay concealed about 750 kilos of Dutch tobacco. Conscientiousness must now be added to the other good qualities of the horse.

## TRIFLES.

THE griefs that fall to every share,
The heavier sorrows that life brings,
The heart can nerve itself to bear—
Great sorrows are half holy things.

But for the ills each hour must make,
The cares with every day renewed,
It seems scarce worth the while to take
Such little things with fortitude.

And he before whose wakened might
The strongest enemies must fall
Is overcome by foes so slight,
He scorns to hold them foes at all.—*Selected.*

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## SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

WE purpose not only to provide our readers with original literary matter, but to make seasonable and appropriate selections from the best authors. Lovers of Dickens will re-read with pleasure the account of Sam Weller's great literary effort, and those who are unacquainted with that shrewd gentleman may be led to search "Pickwick Papers" for other scenes in his career.

The dutiful Sam is reading to his experienced parent the valentine which he has written.

"Go on, Sammy."

" 'Lovely creetur',' " repeated Sam.

"'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some of them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

. . . . . .

" 'Feel myself ashamed and completely cir—'. I forgot what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.' "

"Circumwented, p'haps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it aint that," said Sam, "circumscribed; that's it."

"That aint as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

" 'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.' "

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it's rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there aint no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is werry well-known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

" 'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.' "

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there aint nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed:

"'So now I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear —as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you have heerd on, Mary, my dear) altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter!'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me, Mary, as your valentine and think over what I've said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, aint it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same genteel principle. Aint you agoin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty, I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Wont do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickwick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a werry good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The werry thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never knowed a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

## MEN AND MARVELS OF THE COAL REGION.

BY R. T. WILEY.

### V.

LET us to-day make a trip into one of the mines, and see the operation of wresting the coal from its bed of ages between the rocks. We are at the busy little mining town of Elizabeth, where are the largest and most completely equipped of the mines which pour their black treasure out to be borne away on the bosom of the Monongahela. We pause long enough on the "tipple" to see the operation of emptying a car of its dusky contents into the waiting vessels below. The workman tells us in answer to a query that from 10,000 to 15,000 bushels per day are produced at this mine. Glancing to the right and left, and seeing seven other coal works along the short stretch of river ere it is lost among the hills, we find ourselves disposed to enter into a calculation as to the product of some sixty miles of river of which this is but a sample section. But we have no time for that now, and climbing into the empty car we are rapidly whirled up the steep height, and find ourselves speedily at the yawning black mouth of the mine.

If we had come to one of these mines thirty years ago we might have found the miner harnessed with a big dog, hauling out to the light in a small wagon the coal he had dug, and sending it down the hill-side through a rough wooden trough, to be consumed by the villagers. But we find now a pair of great engines planted at the entrance, which alternately wind up and pay out wire ropes a mile in length, passing around a wheel far under the hill. These draw the trains of empty cars in and loaded ones out. Had we gone to yonder mine across the way we should have found a curious little locomotive performing the same service.

We get into a car of the empty train. Soon it begins to move, plunges quickly into the face of the hill, and we are in utter darkness. We heed the warning to keep our heads down, lest they come in contact with the rocky roof, and with a deafening rattle and roar we speed along the low and narrow tunnel. When we stop lights are flitting and flickering all around, and as our eyes become used to the uncertain light we seem to have been suddenly transported to another world. The tunnel has here widened out considerably, and other tunnels start off in various directions. But we are attracted to the grotesque figures which flit about, each one having a little lamp blazing on his cap. Their faces are as black as the surrounding walls of coal, all except the gleaming teeth and eyes.

These dusky men prove to be drivers, and each one has charge of a mule and a small train of cars loaded with coal. These are made up into a train to be hauled out. The drivers divide the train of empty cars, and each one starts in a different direction to distribute them to the miners. We get in and start with one of them into one of the diverging tunnels. This, he tell us, the miners call an entry, and the frequent tunnels which leave it at right angles are rooms. He distributes his cars at the entrances to these, and on the return trip gathers up the full cars found there.

One miner sometimes works a room, but oftener two work together. They start it into the face of the coal by digging a narrow crevice into it along the floor, and then cut similarly down the sides. If the mass thus loosened does not fall of itself, iron wedges are driven in along the rocky roof, and sometimes, this failing, it has to be blasted. This operation is repeated until the room is driven the required distance. The cutting along the floor-line—bearing in, the miners call it—consumes much the greatest part of the time, and is performed in a reclining posture. Often the miner works thus in solitude for hours, darkness all around him, and the only sound heard is the click! click! click! of his sharp pick.

Here, buried perhaps with thoughts of the dear ones far out where the sun is shining, we must leave him for this time, surrounded by the lurking dangers about which we shall learn something on our next trip.

## NEW ZEALAND LADIES.

IT is the fate of new countries that the people who first come make up a very incongruous state of society. Our frontier towns have had this experience, but it is much more apparent in those colonies of Great Britain in which real "ladies" are rare, and "assisted immigrants" make up the deficiency. A writer in "Chambers's Journal" recounts some peculiar results of these social peculiarities:

The sudden transformation of a servant-girl into a grandly-dressed lady is sometimes quite startling. "Not very long ago," says Mr. Bathgate, "I noticed a girl, whom I chanced to know had come to the colony as an assisted immigrant, sitting in full splendor, with cloak, bouquet, and fan, beside her husband in the front row of the dress circle at the Italian Opera!" Unfortunately, it is easier to decorate the person than to cultivate the mind. In the wrong use of phrases Mrs. Malaprop is beaten hollow. A girl who had been developed into a lady was heard to speak of getting an "antimonic" dress, meaning a dress of *moire antique*. Another gave it as her opinion "that the mayor of their town should wear a scarlet robe lined with vermin," meaning, of course, ermine. Male immigrants who have suddenly come into wealth are apt to make similar mistakes. One night, at a public supper-party, an individual sat opposite to a dish of *pâtés de foie gras*, which rare and costly dish he persisted in calling "potted photographs."

## THE LANGUAGE OF FANS.

American school-girls have a language for almost every thing. Flowers and even handkerchiefs may be made to speak; and even the fan has been used for conversation. Japanese fans really mean something for those who know how to interpret them. The "Christian Union" has the following interesting article on these cheap and useful pictures:

The fan pictures of Japan, says a correspondent of a Montreal paper, are an especial separate guild, as distinct from artists in other branches as with us the scene painter is from the portrait painter. The unknowing Englishman, looking at the Japanese fan, sees nothing in it but on one side a grotesque representation of the "penny plain and twopence colored" order, and upon the other a few crude splashes of ink. But to the citizen of Tokio or Osaka each fan carries a special signification—a story or part of a story; an illusion, a satire, or a suggestive idea. To a certain degree the fan is to the Japanese citizen what Punch or the window of the Stereoscopic Company is to the Londoner.

If a political event of some importance takes place, it is sure to be followed by a flood of fans upon the market, and the Japanese, who have the keenest sense of humor and ridicule, find that to libel or criticise or caricature by means of a fan is safer and cheaper than by means of a press. When Japan was first thrown open to a certain class of foreigners, and even for some time after, until the natives grew accustomed to their new guests, it was difficult to take up a fan without being confronted by some hideous caricature of western personal appearance, manners, and customs. But now that every town-bred native tries to look as much as possible like a European, and that the common crowd have become familiar with cigars and breeches, the fountain-head of fan ridicule is the powers that be.

Fan-libel is a cheaper and safer mode of procedure than pen-libel, because the public censors are thoroughly acquainted with the editors and proprietors of the few public journals, while the number of fan artists and merchants is legion. Not always does the reverse side—the plainer side—of the Japanese fan bear a well-known allusion. Sometimes it is a simple caricature, and an examination of one of these caricatures reveals that, however crude and sketchy the execution, the most genuine vein of humor lies beneath it, especially if it be what is deemed the forte of Japanese caricaturists—the delineation of grotesque animals.

Sometimes we get a bit of landscape, the inevitable Fujiyama, or a tea-house by a torrent, or a country-side represented by a few apparently random dashes, of which each, however, tells its tale—or we get one of those weird moonlight effects of which the Japanese are so fond. The great characteristic of all these is truth to nature. The rabbit nibbling at a bale of rice may have clothes on, but they are rabbits for all that; foxes especially are delineated in all conceivable attitudes and costumes, but they are perfect foxes; so with wild birds, frogs, monkeys, fish, and storks.

The gaudy side of a Japanese fan is invariably a serious piece of work, and the scenes depicted are generally either bits from a popular drama or from one of those countless legends and stories which have delighted Japanese of all classes and ages from time immemorial, and in many cases bear so strong a family likeness to the stories familiar to English childhood.

## TELPHERAGE.

To the far-writing, far-seeing, and far-hearing devices of telegraph, telescope, and telephone has been added the telpher, or far-carrier. A telpherage company has been formed in England and an experimental line has been erected. From the description given by the London "Times," we are reminded of the cash railways in our large retail stores:

The line is a double one, nearly a mile in length, and is composed of two sets of steel rods, three quarters of an inch in diameter, supported on wooden posts of T shape and about eighteen feet high. The wires are supported one on either end of the cross-piece of the T, which is eight feet long. The carriers, or skips, as they are technically termed, are iron trough-shaped buckets, each holding about two cwt., and suspended from the line by a light iron frame, at the upper end of which is a pair of grooved wheels running on the line of rods. A train is made up of ten of these skips, which are in electrical connection with each other, and with an electrical motor which is placed in the middle of the train, having five skips in front and five behind it.

At a point about midway of the length of the line is the engine-house, in which is a steam-engine which drives the dynamos. From these latter the current is led to the line, and thus to the electrical motor which moves the train. The use to which the line is put is to carry clay from a pit to the Glynde Railway siding, whence it is delivered into trucks and transported by rail to the works of the Newhaven Cement Company. At the charging end of the telpher line the skips are loaded each with about two cwt. of clay, the train thus carrying one ton. A laborer, by touching a key, starts the train, which travels at a speed of from four to five miles an hour along the overhead line to the Glynde Station. Arrived there another laborer upsets each skip as it passes over a railway truck into which the clay is thus loaded. This upsetting, however, will eventually be performed automatically by means of a lever on each skip, which will come in contact with a projecting arm as it passes over the truck. The laborer at the discharging end of the line has full control over the train, and can stop, start, and reverse it at will, as can also the man at the other or loading end.

There are two trains at Glynde, but only one is at present used, that being found sufficient to deliver 150 tons of clay per week at the station —the minimum quantity required by the cement company. The trains need no attention when running, as they are governed to run at the same speed both on rising and falling gradients. An automatic block system is provided, so that as many as twenty trains can be run on the line without the possibility of collision. The telpherage line at Glynde being the first erected, it is admitted that its details are capable of improvement. It, however, successfully demonstrates the ingenious idea of Prof. Jenkin in utilizing electricity as a source of motive power. Beyond this it can hardly be said to go at present.

## CHINESE MOURNING.

The decorations and ceremonies connected with the death and burial of General Grant are still well enough remembered to form an interesting comparison with the observance of a similar occasion in China a few years ago, when the reigning emperor died of small-pox. A missionary described the mourning customs of the Chinese in a letter to the "Congregationalist:"

For ninety days the people omit their usual custom of shaving their heads, so that their front hair becomes very conspicuous. White garments indicate mourning in China; so they lay off their light colored clothes, and wear sacks and other outer garments of white cotton cloth. Those who have sheep-skin coats (usually worn with the wool next the body), turn the wrong side out, showing the white wool. The government gave a certain sum of money into the hands of one of its officials, with which to purchase white cloth for distribution among the Manchûs (the emperor was a Manchû); but the trust proved too great for him—he bought a very inferior article of cotton, and distributed it, while he appropriated a large share of the money for his own use.

During these ninety days, all who wear red buttons on their caps change them for blue ones, and all red trimmings in the shops are laid aside, and blue substituted. It was a terrible event to these people to have their emperor, whom they regarded as the "son of heaven," die of small-pox. He was prostrated by sickness on the day of the transit of Venus (which was visible at Peking), and the superstitious Chinese really think that this obscuration of the sun was connected with his death.

## GLOVE KID.

Those whose familiarity with the goat kind is limited to the hardy specimens which inhabit the outskirts and commons of our cities may have wondered how the hide of a beast which thrives on the celebrated diet of tomato-cans can be rendered fit for the delicate gloves which adorns the hands and arms of our maidens. It seems, from the account below, that milk is superior to tin as food for these animals:

In certain parts of Europe the rearing of kids for the sale of their skins is an important business. Those which command the highest prices, and are regarded as superior to all others, are the French. By some the fine quality of these skins is attributed to a peculiar virtue in the wild vines upon which the young ones feed in the pasturage which they frequent. This, however, is a popular error, as their value is simply the result of the care with which the little animals are reared during their life of about four or five weeks. They are not allowed to roam at large, as such a license would imperil the evenness of their skins, which would become scratched by rubbing against stones, or passing through hedges. They are, besides, deprived of all food except milk, as eating grass would tend to render their skin coarse. Consequently they are kept under a wicket coop from which, at regular hours, they are led to suckle the mother, and this continues until they are killed, at the end of four or five weeks. The younger they are killed the thinner the skin, but, of course, the smaller they are the less valuable, too; especially when they are only large enough to allow of single-buttoned gloves, while the demand is for two, three, and four buttoned gloves. By rearing the kids in the manner just described, larger skins are obtained, which are as fine and delicate as those of younger ones of other countries where they roam at liberty.

## OLD NEWS.

Some one in the office of the New York "Sun" has been poring over a file of papers of the year 1810, when Madison was President. Some of the news of that year is still interesting:

One ton of maple-sugar was made in Vienna, Tenn., this season. Oil has been prepared from the pitch pine, by Hawkins's process, cheaper than common oil.

In no instance, we believe, can our enemies show an example of prosperity equal to the little town of Nashville, which thirty-one years ago was uninhabited, and not a white person within 200 miles. The value of the real property assessed by the commissioners is $359,208 38, and the population cannot be short of 3,000.

During the year 1809 the commissioners of Lycoming County, Pa., paid $234 26, and those of Tioga County $142 83, as premiums for the destruction of wolves and panthers.

Attempts have been made to plunder the publick money, on its way from Ohio to Washington; but they have been frustrated.

The Grand Jury of Wilmington, Del., have presented James A. Bayard and Nicholas Van Dyke for neglecting to attend in Congress.

Vermont in 1809 supported seven paper mills, a copperas mine, and a marble factory.

The party which conducted the Miandan chief to his nation has returned. The journey was performed in 101 days.

In the State of Ohio, which lies between that river and Lake Erie, we learn that the population already exceeds 200,000. It has 4 banks and 13 weekly newspapers.

Between Dec. 11, 1808, and Nov. 11, 1809, 1,152 persons were confined in the New York Debtor's prison. None of the debts exceeded $25. The debtors principally received sustenance from the Humane Society.

The President's proclamation has appeared respecting the treaty at Fort Wayne with the Delaware, Putawatamie, Miami, and Gel River Indians, relative to the titles of their land. This land is upon the Wabash. We learn that the seat of the Ohio government is for the present to be at Zanesville.

Among the marriage notices is that of "Mr. Robert Giles, aged 51, who lost his left leg in the engagement between the Constellation and La Vengeance, to Miss Rachel Bryon, aged 20, who last summer had her right hand amputated." Another is that of "Philemon Howe, Esq., aged 89, at Rowley, to Miss Mary Wise, aged 98." Less remarkable, perhaps, is that of "Mr. Edward Hunt, aged 61, to Miss Mary Jeffrey, aged 72, who has been blind almost from her infancy." In those days ordinations occasionally occupied a place in the statistical corner of the newspapers, where births, deaths, and marriages were found.

## STUCK TO THE LAST.

THE annals of the police courts do not often contain such laughable incidents as the following, which is related by the "Chicago Tribune:"

Mrs. A. Mahoney runs a tidy shoe-shop at No. 1530 State Street. Tuesday she was sitting by the door, when a red-faced man, smelling of bear-grease, stopped and made a minute inspection of the premises.

"What ar' ye afther?" said Mrs. Mahoney.

"Vell, I vill vork for you, ya?"

"Go 'way wid ye," said Mrs. Mahoney.

"I am Nathan Konr," replied the man with dignity.

"Kin ye mhake shoes, at all?" asked the woman, with a touch of respect.

"Vell, I dond't know avile. I dond't not make any shoes alretty."

"Go 'way wid ye, sor."

"Alzo, I bin no vool. Soon I learn vell, now I vill shust leetle shoes make."

"Will ye be afther spilin' all me lither?"

"Ven I shpoil ledder I bay for dot ledder."

Nathan's entreaties prevailed, and he was set to work making baby-shoes. After a few hours' work he came to Mrs. Mahoney.

"I vant anudder biece of vood."

"Have ye finished a pair, thin?"

"Ya."

"Tak' out th' last, ye shape's-hid, an' mak' a pair loike thim as ye have."

Nathan, however, persisted that he needed a fresh last for each pair of shoes. His wants were supplied, and by night-time he came to Mrs. Mahoney and showed her twenty-four tiny shoes. They were not very artistic, but there was no doubt about the fact that they were shoes.

"An' it's very nate, they ar'," quoth Mrs. Mahoney, and then she examined them more closely.

"Ochone, ye baste, ar' ye lavin' the lasts in thim?"

"Nun, I gan't no more make dose voods come out avile."

"Have ye been nailin' th' lither to thim lasts?" and Mrs. Mahoney's voice touched high C.

"Dot I haf," said Nathan, proudly, "und ven I cut dose shoes avay vat gut shall dey pee?"

Then Nathan went out the door. He says that Mrs. Mahoney helped him through the door. At all events he swore out a warrant and Mrs. Mahoney has given bonds to appear before Justice Prindiville.

## TWO STRIKE'S SPEECH.

GEN. BRISBIN writes to the "Chicago Tribune" an interesting account of an ovation by one of the chiefs of Spotted Tail's band. This copper-colored Cicero bears the undignified name of "Two Strike:"

Taking a seat by a table in the center of the office, Two Strike sat for a long time in perfect silence. I thought he was considering the last batch of Federal appointments, and did not disturb him. At last he rose, and, pulling his blanket about him much as I had seen Ed Forest do in "Metamora" long years ago, Striky sawed the air once or twice with his right hand and jerked out,

"I think it is good for me to be here.

"We have been promised a great many things we have never got. This cannot be because the Great Father is poor, but must be because some of his lieutenants neglect their business to furnish what he orders for his red children. I wish some one would talk to the Great Father about this and see what has been promised is sent to us.

"I hear our Grand Father, Grant, is dead. I think he was a good man, and I believe I have seen him and talked with him."

Looking at a picture of Gen. Grant, he said:

"Yes, I am almost sure I have seen him and talked to him long ago. I feel sorry for his wife and children. I hope he left plenty of horses and some corn for them to live upon.

"Now we have a new Great Father, and I should like to see him. Do you know him, and is he a friend of yours?"

This latter query of old Two Strike was a poser. I told him I had never met the present Great Father, but had heard him well spoken of, and knew to a dead certainty he was very fond of Indian and Indiana.

Striky said he was glad of that, and continued,

"I want to see the new Great Father, and when the fall comes we will go down and see him. You write him a letter and tell him so."

I said I knew Mr. Cleveland would be delighted to see us both, give us a shake-down in the corner somewhere, and probably kill a fat dog or two for us to eat.

"Now," said Striky, "I want to talk about our children. They take them away off East to be educated, and I would like to have them educated at home. Why can't we have schools like those in the East out West, and keep our children with us?"

I explained that it was thought that savage surroundings were not good for Indian children while at school. They went back every night into savagery, and lost what they had gained during the day in civilization.

"Then," said the old fellow, laughing, "you think the white people are better than the Indians. I had not thought so, and I am by no means sure of it. We are on the white man's road and learning his ways; but there are some things about him I think we had better not learn."

## A DAZZLING DOCTOR.

THE saying "Fine feathers do not make fine birds" does not belong apparently to the creed of the Tartars. The following amusing description of a missionary's entrance into Bokhara is from the New York "Sun:"

Dr. Lansdell, the famous missionary, was warned when entering Bokhara that his conventional clerical garb would not impress the natives with a proper sense of the wearer's importance. "I had," he related, "the red hood I wear as a doctor of divinity, and my square college cap. I also had a very elaborate example of a sort of Persian waistcoat, which I had purchased as a curiosity. I had also, as a Freemason, my royal arch collar and apron and several Masonic jewels. Before entering Bokhara I put on my doctor of divinity's hood, my Persian waistcoat, my royal arch collar and apron, all the Masonic jewels which I am entitled to wear, and, fastening my little traveling Bible to my royal arch collar, was presented to the deputation sent out to receive me. They were a very dazzling crowd, in gorgeous attire. They received me with great distinction, and I rode in at the head of a very gallant procession, one of the wonders of Bokhara; and I think I smiled frequently as I thought of the appearance I made and contemplated the evident sensation I created."

## A CLOSE RACE.

THOSE were good old days when the fastest ships in the world were the American clippers, and many were the long races from port to port. A gentleman writes to the New York "Journal of Commerce" a remarkable story of a long and close contest between two Yankee skippers:

I am reminded of a run of nearly 4,000 miles across the Atlantic when the difference of time made by two vessels was less than half a minute. It is more than sixty years ago since two full-rigged brigs were moored side by side at the Mole of Hamburg. They were Boston vessels, loaded and bound for that port. The *Dryade* was a clipper (for those days), and it was supposed would make the trip in twenty or twenty-five days. The *Helen* was a slow tub, with bows like a Dutch galiot, and not more than eight knots could be got out of her under the most favorable circumstances. The *Dryade* was going down the English Channel, the *Helen* was to go "north about," that is, north of Scotland, the Orkney and Shetland Islands. All sail was set on both vessels, as it was nearly calm; the fasts were cast off at the same moment, and they slowly drifted down the river with the current. At Cuxhaven the *Dryade* was not in sight from the *Helen*. The latter continued on her course with variable winds, weather so moderate that her royals were only furled twice, and her top-gallant sails were not taken in once. Forty-three days after these vessels left Hamburg on a fine, clear evening two brigs were slowly running up Boston harbor. It was dead-low water, so that it was not necessary to anchor, and when these vessels reached Central Wharf the nose of one was run into the mud on the north side, the other performed a similar act on the south side, both apparently at the same instant. They were the *Dryade* and *Helen*.

The log-book of the *Dryade* showed that she had several days of head winds in the channel, and after leaving it had much heavy weather and contrary winds, and was under single or double reefs a great part of the voyage. I was first officer of the *Helen*.

# Our Youth.

*A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.*

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

*Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of* TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]


SOME one says that "books like friends should be few and well chosen," for books like friends have much value as a sign and much power as a fashioner. Both show what the man inclines to, and both tend to make him, in the way of his inclinations, better or worse. To know a man, know his books and his companions—that is, the books and companions he prefers.

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FEW men can have the books they want, either as to quality or quantity. They have no place to put them; more likely no money to buy them; often no time to read them; and more rarely have they the wisdom to get good out of them by occasional glances and consultations. Great public libraries are a blessing to the people, and where the city does not provide books for her population it is well if the Church be wise enough to do it. And if the Church, through her Sunday-school or otherwise, collect and loan books to the people she has some questions to answer.

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ONE of these questions has been for a few weeks before the readers of OUR YOUTH. We propose here and now to review and sum up the case. The argument for the *affirmative* on the resolution, "That secular books should be admitted to Sunday-school libraries," is based upon,

1. The universality and legitimacy of the taste for and the habit of reading secular literature.

2. The opportunity given to the Church, by the introduction of secular literature into the Sunday-school, to control this taste and habit, thus extending her influence into the week-day life and preventing youth from becoming interested in and familiar with weak and bad books, which they will certainly read unless better tastes are formed.

3. The increased power of the Sunday-school in that it can bring into its services and bless with good teaching those who are attracted by its literary advantages.

4. The moral and religious element present in a large part of true secular literature.

5. The fact that the best literature is inaccessible to the most of our pupils except through the Sunday-school library.

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THE argument for the *negative* rests upon,

1. The distinctively religious aim of the Sunday-school; the promotion of Christian character, and of love for the Holy Bible.

2. The tendency of secular literature to repress a desire for religious reading.

3. The tendency to create a taste for all kinds of secular reading, the bad as well as the good.

4. The tendency to promote Sabbath desecration, by encouraging the reading on Sabbath of the secular books taken from the Sunday-school, thus preparing the way for the Sunday morning paper, the opening of libraries and reading-rooms on Sabbath, going to secular lectures, and introducing secular songs and speeches into the Sunday-school itself.

5. The fact that religious books are printed in sufficient numbers to meet the demand of the Sunday-school for reading matter.

6. That secular books abound elsewhere, and can be procured without depending on the Sunday-school to furnish them.

7. That all the secular element needed by young people is found in all religious books; and,

8. That it is as easy to train young people to choose and love religious as secular literature.

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THE question at issue must be clearly understood.

1. It is not a question as to the superseding of religious by secular books, but as to the introduction of the latter in addition to the other.

2. It is not a question as to the approval and distribution of secular literature which is anti-religious or injurious, but as to the use of secular literature of the purest and highest type, from which the moral and even the religious element is rarely missing.

3. It is not a question based upon the twofold use of the term "secular." One may advocate "secular" books who is not a "secularist," and who would not recommend books under any circumstances which are tinctured with what are known as the doctrines and spirit of "secularism."

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THE question embraces the idea of a secular department in the Sunday-school library—a department admitting only books of high character, calculated to improve the literary tastes of the reader, and which, at the same time, harmonize with the genial aim and design of the Sunday-school. This distinction has been constantly kept in view by the affirmative in the debate and almost entirely ignored by the negative.

The bearing of secular reading on the week-day tastes of the Sunday-school scholar, and the legitimacy of effort in this direction by the Sunday-school authorities for the promotion of true religious character, has been strongly urged by the affirmative. The negative has presented no sufficient answer to this argument.

The statement by the negative concerning the number of distinctively religious books in the market worthy of comparison with the best so-called secular books, and the claim that "young scholars are just as easily influenced to read religious as secular literature," are to be compared by those who know the literature of to-day and human nature of all the ages with the claims of the affirmative as to the paucity of religious books of high literary character adapted to the young, and the general feeling of the young toward books religious and secular.

We think that the weight of argument in the discussion begun in OUR YOUTH, No. 6, January 9, and closed in the present number, is in favor of the AFFIRMATIVE.

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THE argument of the negative on the danger of encouraging Sabbath desecration by giving out secular books from the Sunday-school library on the Sabbath has great

force in it, which does not seem to have been felt by the affirmative. And yet there is an answer. It does not follow that Sunday-school library books must be given out on Sunday. Indeed, there should be an open library at least twice during the week, and no pupil should be allowed to take books on Sunday who can call or send at either week-day opening. The less we have to do with books *in* the Sunday-school itself the better. Attendance upon the school may be the condition upon which book-claim tickets are issued. This would induce regularity. But the library may be one of the great week-day factors of the Church, and the hold of the Church upon the community would be greatly increased.

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THERE is one other step toward the ideal Sunday-school library. It is a step which is in response to the call of the affirmative for secular reading for the week-day, and to the call of the negative for religious reading on Sunday. It is this: *Two books a week to every pupil*, one distinctively religious and one secular, with all the religious element it happens to hold. Then let it be understood by public statement, by printed slip, by teachers' reiteration, that the one book is to be read on Sunday, and that the other, not being a Sunday book, is to be read week-days, and week-days only. Here will be a chance to teach the true value of the Sabbath as a day for voluntary withdrawal from worldly thought and the cultivation of the spiritual tastes. Here, too, will be a chance to train the will power and the personal honor of the pupil, who, provided gratuitously with two books a week from his church school, should certainly feel under obligation to teacher and school to conform to a regulation so just and so useful. A pupil who would not do this would be sure to violate in some other way the sanctities of the Sabbath, even though no book but the choicest and holiest human productions were by the school placed in his hands Sabbath after Sabbath. "Expensive?" Yes, but so are all schemes for doing good to people. It will be as easy to buy one hundred and fifty books as seventy-five when there is a will in the school bent upon the purchase, and a touch of magnetic force to put the same bent into the hearts of pupils and their parents.

## OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for February 21, 1886. THE SECOND TEMPLE.—Ezra 1. 1–4, and 3. 8–13. GOLDEN TEXT.—Ezra 3. 11.

A GREAT king recognized the great God, and issued a decree that caused loss to his own kingdom. But he had faith in God and acted on his faith. All this happened a long time ago, and yet the king has not been forgotten, and his name is honored to this day.

Principles that apply to kings are equally applicable to humble men, for no man is so lowly as not to have some authority and influence. Every man is in a sense a king, and what is good in one king is good in another. The course of Cyrus is a good course for you, and for me, and for every body else to follow.

There is a God who knows, and governs, and guides us. He is unseen, eternal, holy, just, true, and good—a father with a father's love and care for his children. Men may deny his existence and ridicule those who have child-like faith in him. Such denial and ridicule do not affect the fact, of course. Men may say there is no sea, and no sun, but the sea ebbs and flows, and the sun shines, unaffected by the thinkings and the denials of men. God is, and wise are the men who like Cyrus believe in and obey him.

One night in Washington, soon after the close of the civil war, I had a long conversation with General Grant. I said to him, "The other day I saw a statement to the effect that of all the generals in the army you were the only one who did not recognize God in your various proclamations, orders, and other dispatches. You scarcely ever spoke of him!" To this the great general made the following reply: "There were so many dispatches and proclamations during the war in which God was named, and so many appeals to him by the other side, that I thought it might be as well to say less and trust more. I have never failed to acknowledge a wisdom above my own. And never yet has a campaign resulted differently from what I intended and desired that I could not see how much better the result was than if things had gone as I desired." This was the substance of the great chieftain's reply. Like Cyrus of old he believed in the "Lord God of heaven."

Young student: Let no dark doubt hide the Lord from your soul. In all the mystery of life rest in him, and wait for him. In all the troubles of life trust in him. In all the work of life take firm hold upon him. A life without the hand of God seen in it would be an orphaned and a desolate life. It is a good thing for a man to recognize God in all things.

There are two pictures in the lesson this week: 1. A king recognizing God, and 2. A people rebuilding their temple. As faith in God is good for man, so it is well to have some work of a distinctively religious character to arrest our attention, command our means, and entreat our deepest sympathies. He who believes in God should work for him. He should build up institutions which help to perpetuate his name and glory among men.

It is good for young people to be in the Church, and to be interested in it; to plan and work for it; to have its good name and prosperity near their hearts, and to give it a place in all their plans. It is one way of doing good, and of helping young people who have no other home. Blessed are they who love and live in, and live and labor for, the Church!

In the lesson there is one short text I commend to you, "The Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus." The Lord is a Spirit. He made us spirits. We are of the breath of God. He who made us inspires us. He stirs us up from sleep and apathy. He stirs us up to think, to resolve, to love, to act. It is a great thing to have our spirits stirred by the Spirit of God. It is worth praying for and living for. From this stirring by the divine Spirit come all the best things in our lives. Let us be careful not to resist the stirrings of the divine Spirit.

## OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

### Subject.

*Resolved*, That Chinese immigration should be restricted.

### Arguments for the Affirmative.

**No. 1.**—The future of this Republic depends largely on the character of its citizens, and in a land where the population is increased so largely by foreign immigration as our own, it is policy, I think, to restrict the immigration of a class so detrimental to civilization as the Chinese.

If the money the Chinese accumulate by their penurious habits was invested in homesteads, or deposited in our banks, it would be most laudable, but if this is not the case (and I quote the Sacramento "Bee" for authority, that the Chinese take $15,000,000 annually *out of* California) it should then be condemned.

Why not then, instead of encouraging the immigration of Chinese, give our employment to those of our immigrants who are anxious and willing to do all they can to make our country "the land of the free and the home of the brave." W. F. S.

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**No. 2.**—There are many reasons why Chinese immigration should be restricted.

The Chinese that come to our shores are the lowest of the race. They do not bring their families, as they do not intend to remain any longer than to enable them to save a little money.

They build their Joss houses and worship idols; they smoke opium and teach our people the pernicious habit; their wants are few, their clothing simple and cheap; their lodgings are devoid of light and air, and in fact they are the meanest and cheapest of mankind.

America is a large country, and we welcome all foreign-born men and women to our shores, if they come with the intention of becoming American citizens; but the Chinese do not come for that purpose, nor will they interest themselves in our institutions, hence a restriction should be placed upon their immigration. C. F.

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**No. 3.**—First. The Chinese who flock to this country by the hundred are of the very lowest class. No Chinaman of rank, wealth, or social position ever emigrates.

Second. They work for almost nothing, and, living on a mere trifle, are willing to receive less than other workmen can live by, thereby lowering wages.

Third. They never become citizens. After they have acquired a sum of money they return to China, never investing capital in this country. Their quarter in the city is the filthiest. They are beset by a gang of robbers, and allow no police officers to be stationed there. Thus they morally degrade the city in which they live.

Therefore, the immigration of the Chinese into this country should be restricted, as they morally degrade the country and lower the wages. Jo.

[See page 175.]

## THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE TEN POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This the true final perseverance.]

THE pastor who does all the work of the church himself may be a zealous and industrious man, but he is certainly not a wise man. He exhausts energy in personal labor which should be economized, and employed in the supervision and direction of others. He cultivates habits of indolence and dependence among his people. He deprives them of the joy and strength that come of service. He prepares the church for reaction when he leaves it. A wise leader develops self-dependence among those whom he is expected to lead.

YOUNG Christians should be trained to work in the Church. They should begin to work when they begin to live. Only in this way can they test and increase religious character. Only in this way can they accomplish the ends for which they become Christians. By occupation in the Church they are saved from many of the temptations which beset them in the world. By publicly committing themselves to service for the Church they reduce temptation from former worldly companions. It is in every way necessary that young Christians be workers for the Master. Multitudes are lost to the Church through lack of systematic Church work.

THE first Oxford Club was a band of Christian workers. Their efforts after personal Christian life and experience were accompanied wisely by labor in behalf of others. They helped each other financially as there was need. They looked after other students, especially those who were young and in danger from bad company. They visited prisons, almshouses, hospitals, and the homes of poverty, talking, teaching, distributing books, buying medicines for those unable to purchase them, and for this purpose they created a little fund among themselves. It was their rule "to give away each year all they had after providing for all their own real wants." All this work made them known as followers of Christ. They lived for their fellow-men. They pleased not themselves. They went about doing good. The worldly ridiculed them; the formalists wondered at them; the poor blessed them; the Lord Jesus loved them; the Holy Spirit strengthened them. They were workers for God.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church especially needs an army of faithful workers. The ministers cannot do every thing. If they could, the Church cannot afford to have them monopolize the work of the Lord. The itinerant system makes it doubly important that the laity should be able to carry on the affairs of the Church, so as to reduce the evils which result from frequent changes. Ministers who have but a short time to stay in a given field need economy of time and strength, and this is secured by having a well-drilled, zealous, and faithful laity. One of the main objects of the Oxford League is to rally and regulate the working forces of the Church and to raise up a generation of young Methodist Episcopal people who will be the helpers of the pastor.

*What can the members of the Oxford League do in the line of work?*

ANSWER. I. They may attend the regular meetings of the church. Take the prayer-meeting, for example—a meeting too little prized and too much neglected. Some people go to it because they want to go—somewhere. Almost anywhere is more comfortable and restful than home to them. They want to see somebody. They "like to meet folks." They have little society. They get a touch of it at or after prayer-meeting. Books don't tempt them to stay at home. They have little interest in books of any kind. Then they have a liking for the singing and for the "good feeling" they sometimes get in prayer-meeting. Others go to prayer-meeting because they get good from it. Others go because they ought to go. If they followed their tastes they would stay at home; but they go because it is duty, and they are never sorry that they went. Most church members don't go at all. The meetings are dull to them or tedious. Inclination throttles Duty, and they stay at home sitting in an easy chair and sitting on Conscience until, for that time at least, all the breath is crushed out of it and it doesn't stir to disturb them. Young people, especially those who are intelligent enough to be interested in books and conversation, stay away habitually from the prayer-meeting. They lose by it. So does the church. So does the minister. Now suppose that all at once, ten, twenty, or forty of the young people of the church should join the Oxford League, and on principle begin going to prayer-meeting. See them coming in. They are on time. They have hymn books, and they sing. They kneel in prayer. They are attentive and reverent. Some of them take part. This happens fifty-two weeks in the year. Do you see what a help that must be to the minister and to the church? This is only one thing the Oxford League can do. Next week we shall continue our answer to the question.

REV. S. E. RYAN, of *Rouseville, Pa.*, wants to know what can be done for persons who want to join the Oxford League, but who, because of night work in the shops, cannot attend the required meetings. *Answer:* Excuse them, and hold an occasional meeting on Sunday, when they can attend.

AN Oxford League was organized last fall in the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church, *Watertown, N. Y.*, Rev. C. C. Townsend, pastor.

THERE is an Oxford League in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, *Springfield, Mass.*, Rev. George Skene, pastor.

## THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

### PERSONIFICATION.

PERSONIFICATION has been defined as a figure of speech "which attributes life to the lifeless." For the sake of producing a more profound impression, an inanimate object is endowed with life, and made to speak or act. The following passage from Wordsworth illustrates the power of personification:

"*Armour* rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford *calls;*
'Quell the Scot!' *exclaims* the *Lance*—
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the *longing* of the *Shield*—
*Tell* thy name, *thou trembling Field;*
Field of death, where'er *thou* be,
*Groan thou* with our victory!"

Here the idea of the arms themselves longing for the battle makes the poem more effective.

Antony, in his speech over the body of Cæsar, in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," exclaims:

"But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The *stones* of Rome to *rise* and *mutiny.*"

There is danger, however, of using personification too frequently. The personification which consists in simply beginning words with capitals has little or no force, and is a bad literary habit. Certain inanimate objects have been personified in literature by giving them genders. Thus a ship is spoken of as "she," the sun as "he," etc. So common has this usage become that it is no longer regarded as real personification. Since certain objects have been assigned definite genders, it is best to preserve the already well-established customs in that regard. It would be considered a literary blunder to call the moon "he," or allude to the sun as "she." Personification, like certain drugs, if used occasionally is powerful and effective, but if employed frequently it loses its virtue and serves only to weaken and enervate.

### DOUBLE NEGATIVES.

PERHAPS there is no more serious mistake that one may make in conversation than the use of a double negative. It is considered an evidence of lack of training, or of gross carelessness, to fall into this error. It is easy to understand how a person full of a negative idea may be led to use an unnecessary number of negative words unless he has been subjected to some training; but so flagrant an offense against grammar is not to be pardoned in any one who makes even a slight claim to education.

The most complete as well as the most amusing example of the double negative we ever heard was the closing sentence of an address delivered by a country Sunday-school superintendent to his school. The lesson was on "Achan's Sin," and the good brother finished his speech with these words: "This lesson teaches us children *never* under *no* circumstances to deceive *nobody* about *nothing.*" Did we say *double* negative? This is a *quadruple* negative. There can be no doubt but that the children understood him, yet suppose that they had been highly educated, critical young people, and had followed his advice literally. Applying the good old rule that two negatives make an affirmative, what the superintendent really said to his school was this: "Under some circumstances deceive some people about some things." This rendering does not have as lofty and moral a sound as the other, but as far as literal meaning is concerned they are the same.

Such expressions as, "I haven't done nothing," "I never saw nobody," "He don't know nothing," etc., have so discordant a sound to the refined ear that if a person has any culture he is unlikely to make a blunder of this kind. Those who use these expressions should make every effort to rid their speech of blemishes so serious.

### Contractions.

For the sake of ease in speaking, certain words are combined and at the same time contracted. The most common example of this is in the case of the word *not* when added to the auxiliary verbs *do* and *have*. Thus *do not* becomes *don't*, *have not*, *haven't*, etc. There is a danger in this shortening or compressing of words, that the shorter form will be used improperly as a single word without regard to the words which go to make it up. For example, we hear people say, "He don't look well," when they would never think of asserting that, "He do not look well." *Don't* means *do not*; "*you don't*," "*they don't*;" but "*he does not*," or "*doesn't*."

There are properly no such forms as *aint*, *haint*, or *'taint*.

*Wont* is equivalent to *will not*, and is in as good use as *don't* or *haven't*.

*Can't*, *sha'n't*, *couldn't*, *wouldn't*, etc., are permissible.

As to the question whether these contractions should be used in writing, we should say that in any thing demanding a free and conversational style (as in letter writing) they are appropriate, but for more dignified and thoughtful work they are not desirable.

### What a Living Language is.

Prof. W. D. Whitney, after describing the way in which language is handed down from one generation to another, goes on to characterize a living language:

"Growth and change make the life of language, as they are every-where else the inseparable accompaniment and sign of life. A language is living when it is the instrument of thought of a whole people, the wonted means of expression of all their feelings, experiences, opinions, reasonings; when the connection between it and their mental activity is so close that the one reflects the other, and that the two grow together, the instrument ever adapting itself to the uses which it is to subserve."

## RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

### Valentines.

St. Valentine has as much connection with the celebration of February 14 as St. Nicholas with Christmas festivities, and that is none at all. The origin of the customs peculiar to St. Valentine's day it is difficult to discover. The Romans used to celebrate a feast called the *Lupercalia* in February of each year. This occasion was one of great license and folly. Buffoonery of every kind was permitted, and the people went wild with excitement. It was one of the customs at this feast to put tablets bearing the names of young women into a box, from which the young men drew their lots, and were then permitted to become the gallants of the ladies whom fortune gave them.

As the Roman Catholic Church grew stronger during the early centuries of our era, it adopted this policy: when any pagan custom had taken complete possession of the people so that it was impossible to do away with it, the Church tried to strengthen itself and better the people by attaching the name of some saint to the objectionable practice, and thus give it a religious significance. It is more than probable that in some such way as this St. Valentine's name became associated with customs of drawing lots on the eve of February 14.

The practice of leaving to fortune the selection of friendships which, in many cases, we are told, ended in closer relations seems to have been very common all over the continent, and especially in Lorraine and Maine, provinces of France. Mr. Samuel Pepys, who kept a very accurate diary during the reign of Charles II. in England, describes the custom of maids and bachelors drawing each others' names from the urns. But this order of things has passed away, and nowadays stamped paper, brightly colored flowers, fiery red hearts, and gilt cupids are thrown into the post-office box, not to be drawn out by *any body*, but by *her* alone. The only chance about it at present is the chance that the recipient will make a mistake as to the sender, and that the small boy who has selfishly expended his spare pennies in candy will be tendered the gratitude which rightfully belongs to another.

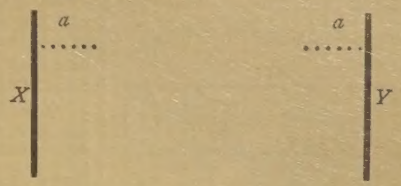
One word as to the so-called "comic" valentine—the coarse picture and the doggerel verse—which ridicules not only frailties of character, but, worse still, physical deformities.

It is a thoroughly mean thing to send one of these cruel sheets—mean for two reasons: The "valentines" hurt and offend in almost all cases those who receive them; and besides that, the way they are sent is underhanded and cowardly. It requires some little courage (of a poor quality, to be sure) to stand face to face and abuse another if he is larger and stronger than one's self, but any mean, cowardly sneak can send a comic valentine to teacher, cook, or cripple.

Let young America keep up the pleasant and harmless observances of St. Valentine's day, but let the young gentleman of our time frown upon a custom of comparatively recent origin, which is a disgrace to our society.

### Prisoners' Base.

One of the best games for the ice is Prisoners' Base, or, as it is sometimes called, Prisoners' Goal. It has all the excitement of a military campaign with none of the uncomfortable features which mar the enjoyment of a soldier's life. About 150 feet apart two parallel lines 50 feet long should be cut into the ice. These are the two bases of supply, occupied by the two enemies, whose armies should not number more than twelve men each. A diagram of the battle-ground, as war-maps are so popular now, we give below:




Let us suppose all the preparations have been made, and the twelve men of each side stand on their base lines, their skates sharp and well clamped or strapped, and their minds set on treating their enemies to an ignominious defeat. The victory is to be decided not by the number killed (this fact ought to make the game more popular), but by the number taken prisoner.

The one principle of the game is this: A player may take an opponent prisoner if the former left his base line *after* the latter left his, that is, the man freshest from the base-line is the better armed.

The game begins; the captain of one side, a fast skater and skilled dodger, glides across and challenges the enemy. A man comes out fresh from goal and the valiant captain retreats slowly, trying to lure his opponent back in reach of his own men. Suddenly the fresh man makes a dash for the captain, who barely escapes to his own base-line. But the pursuer had come too close. A fellow on the end of the base has been watching him, and now makes a charge, taps his enemy, and takes him prisoner. A shout goes up from the winning side.

The captive is put in the prison at *a* (in the diagram). He must put one foot on the base-line, and may then stretch himself as far toward his friends as his size will permit. If one of his own side can succeed in touching the prisoner's outstretched hand before being made prisoner himself, the captive is free. Of course two men are appointed to guard the prisoner, and the game goes on. There are splendid opportunities for fast skating, dodging, and stratagem. There is dashing in every direction; back they come to the goals to get "hot," and off they go again in pursuit of the enemy. For a moment the prisoner is left unguarded just to tempt the enemy over, and when the rescuer is within reach a vigilant little fellow is down on him in a trice, and there are two prisoners instead of one. The first unfortunate moves out one pace, and the second takes his place, so the men are rescued in the same order in which they are taken. The side which at the end of play has had the greater number of prisoners claims the bloodless victory. This game requires good judgment and pluck, and necessitates active, healthful exercise.

## OUR NOTE-BOOK.

"A well-bred control over our enthusiasms in no way diminishes the exquisiteness of their savor."—*Ik Marvel.*

There is an "Assembly" in Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, Md., in charge of Joseph B. Phipps, Esq. It has a membership of from twenty-five to fifty. It had to get its members entirely outside the Sunday-school, and from persons who were willing to sacrifice a little in order to be at the church by 9:30 A. M.

Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church (Cor. Madison Ave. and 60th St.), New York, the Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, pastor, is an honor to Methodism. Its architecture blends richness and simplicity. Its service is impressive and earnest. It is a church with a social and neighborly spirit, and gives liberally to the great benevolences.

The "Japanese Village" soon to disappear from Madison Square Garden has been a great attraction this winter to students and to lovers of things foreign, quaint, and curious. It is a patch of the Orient put into the heart of the busiest city of this busy continent. It gives all who see it a new interest in "the land of the rising sun," in its ways and people, and adds new significance and value to the products of the Japanese which we see in the shop windows. The people themselves were the greatest attraction of the "village."

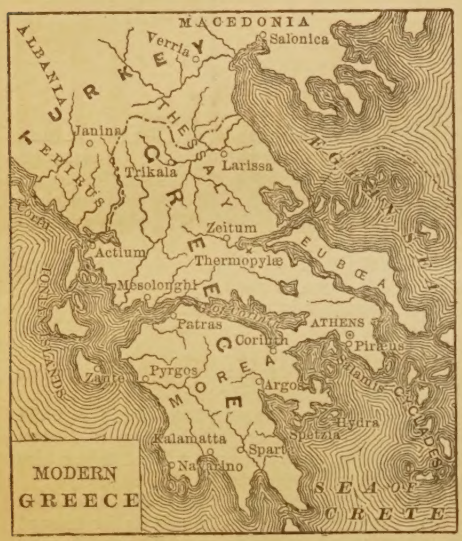
"In the scientific world all eyes have again been fixed on the splendid experiments of M. Marcel Deprez, on the transmission of force by electricity. He has succeeded in transmitting to a distance of ninety kilometers fifty per cent. of the force generated; and it may be hoped that the moment is not far off when this ingenious discovery, which has opened out new glimpses into the nature of the electric current itself, will receive some practical application. To utilize at any distance the force of running water, and even perhaps of the tides of the sea—what a dream of industrial progress!"—*The Contemporary Review for Dec.*, '85.

"Our work to be effective must be creative, not controversial; we must begin where our fathers began—with God. . . . Magnify God, and the magnificence of churches will grow mean in his presence, their pomp seem tawdry, and their eloquence become dumb."—*Principal Fairbairn, D.D.*

## THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

### Modern Greece.

(Area, 25,111 sq. miles; population, 2,067,000; ruler, King George I.)




THE present kingdom of Greece includes the main-land between European Turkey and the Gulf of Corinth and the peninsula of the Morea (or Peloponnesus) with the Ionian Islands on the west and the Cyclades on the east.

The mountainous character of the country, as well as the conformation of the coast line affording numerous harbors, has had a stong influence upon the people. Road building was so difficult that the sea became the natural means of communication between the different districts, and the Greeks developed into a race of seamen and traders. In the days of their ancient greatness their colonies settled in every corner of the Mediterranean, and now they have a large merchant marine, and their navy would form their chief reliance in a struggle with Turkey.

Manufactures are neglected and agriculture is in a backward state. Sheep and goats are the principal domestic animals. The chief exports are currants, which are raised in enormous quantities, olive oil, silk, lead, and zinc. Athens, the capital and largest city, contains 85,000 inhabitants. None of the other towns approach it in size. There are only one hundred miles of railroad in the kingdom, and bridle paths are almost the only roads.

Ancient Greece has a legendary history which goes back more than a thousand years before the Christian era. According to many the year 776 B. C. marks the beginning of authentic Greek history. The country was composed of small states, practically independent of each other. The people attained a high degree of civilization and were superior to the surrounding nations in war. Though few in number they repelled the attacks of the enormous armies of Persia (500–449 B. C.), thus preserving Europe from the civilization of the East. But the jealousies of the states brought ruin upon the country. During the administration of Pericles (465–429 B.C.) Athens produced an unequaled collection of names great in literature and art. One state after another gained the mastery until 338 B.C., when Philip of Macedon conquered the country. His son, Alexander the Great (336–323 B.C.), led Greek armies into Persia, Egypt, and India, extending at the same time the influence of Greek language and ideas. At his death his empire fell apart, and after a century of weakness Greece was overwhelmed by the flood of Roman conquest.

Constantinople, the capital of the Eastern Empire, fell before the Turks in 1453, and the conquest of Greece followed. Twice wrested from the Sultan by the fleets of Venice it was twice re-won. The Greeks were plundered and persecuted by the Mohammedan viceroys from 1718 to 1820, when they rose for a final struggle for liberty. England, France, and Russia compelled the Turks to yield, and Greece became an independent kingdom in 1830. Otto, a German prince, was made king and ruled till 1862, when a revolution expelled him. George I., son of the Danish sovereign, was then elected to the throne. His administration is hampered by the ignorance of the people and by the burden of a heavy national debt. The inhabitants of Macedonia are largely Greek, and it is the ambition of Greece to combine all her sons into one nation. This desire has shown itself on several recent occasions. In 1878 the Greeks attempted to seize Thessaly and Epirus, and again in 1881 they threatened war unless their claims were recognized. The powers in the latter instance compelled Turkey to cede to Greece 5,000 square miles of Thessalian territory. Now Greece reiterates her claims to Epirus and threatens war with Turkey if her demands are slighted.

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In "The Isles of Greece," written before the war for freedom, Lord Byron represents a native Greek lamenting the broken spirit of his countrymen:

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sang,
Where grew the arts of war and peace;
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprang!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

. . . . . .

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

"And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?"

### Queen, Ministers, and Parliament.

WITHIN a few weeks a new British Parliament has assembled, the Conservative ministers have resigned, and the Queen has commanded Mr. Gladstone to form a Liberal ministry. In order to appreciate the significance of these events it is necessary to understand the relations of the various parts which make up the English government.

Parliament is the sole law-making body. It consists of two Houses, the House of Lords and the House of Commons. The House of Lords contains about five hundred members who hold their seats, 1) by inheritance, 2) by the Queen's appointment, 3) by virtue of office—bishops, 4) by election for life—Irish Peers, 5) by election for duration of Parliament.

The lower House represents the "Commons of England." Its six hundred and seventy members are elected by the people of the three kingdoms and serve without salary. The Commons have exclusive control over taxation, and as the Crown is supported by an annual grant of money it is necessary for Parliament to meet every year. The assent of both Houses is necessary to a bill before it may become a law, but the Lords dare not resist the will of the people as expressed in the Commons, and a deadlock is almost unknown.

The sovereign has the right to summon Parliament, to adjourn its sessions, and to dissolve it altogether and order a new election. But in the exercise of these rights the sovereign is controlled by the advice of a cabinet or board of ministers. This cabinet represents the dominant party in the House of Commons, and depends for its existence upon the possession of a majority in that house. At the head of this cabinet is the Premier, who selects his fellow ministers from the two Houses of Parliament. He is the responsible head of the government, and so long as he controls a majority in Parliament he is practically the ruler of England. The average duration of each ministry since 1714 has been about three years and eight months. Lord Salisbury was in office a little more than seven months, a shorter term than that of any minister since Lord Melbourne in 1834. The most famous of English premiers are Walpole, Grenville, Lord North, Pitt, Canning, Duke of Wellington, Peel, Russell, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone.

### The Liberal Ministry.

THE new British Cabinet was announced February 3. It is made up as follows:

Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury.
Sir Farrer Herschell, Lord High Chancellor.
Earl Spencer, Lord President of the Council.
Mr. H. C. E. Childers, Home Secretary.
Earl Rosebery, Secretary for Foreign Affairs.
Earl Granville, Secretary for the Colonies.
Earl Kimberley, Secretary for India.
Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary for War.
Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Marquis of Ripon, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Mr. J. Chamberlain, President of the Local Government Board.
Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland.
Mr. A. J. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade.
Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

This is the third time that Mr. Gladstone has been called to form a Ministry. From 1868 to 1874, and again from 1880 to 1885, he directed the affairs of Great Britain. The two most important acts of his previous administrations were the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the extension of the suffrage. The former measure relieved the Irish Catholics and Dissenters from the burden of contributing to the support of the State Church; and the latter extended to nearly three millions of individuals the right of voting.

It is said that the Premier is determined to crown his long career by solving the most difficult question of English politics—how to do justice to Ireland. Surely if any man can solve this problem it is Mr. Gladstone. He has been in public life since 1832, when, at the age of twenty-two, he was elected to the House of Commons. After twenty years of service under such Tory leaders as Peel, he joined the Liberal party and soon became its chief. The qualities which mark Mr. Gladstone for leadership are a wonderfully persuasive eloquence, and a mind so fertile in resource that its possessor is not baffled by obstacles which appear to others insurmountable.

At the age of seventy-six Gladstone stands pre-eminent among living English statesmen, and his manner of dealing with the perplexities of the present situation will arouse the most lively interest not only in Great Britain, but also among us whom he has called the "kin beyond the sea."

### The Renegade Apaches.

NEARLY a year has elapsed since a band of thievish and murderous Indians left their reservation in the Apache country of Arizona and, led by Geronimo, a chief of more than ordinary cruelty, commenced a series of bloody depredations upon the unprotected ranches of Arizona and New Mexico.

The troops, which were put upon the trail, failed to capture the marauders, who were well mounted upon the stolen horses and knew the country perfectly. Throughout the summer and autumn came reports of sudden descents in unexpected quarters, of buildings burned, cattle driven off, and men, women, and children killed without mercy. Additional troops were

sent to the South-west, and a determined effort was made by Gen. Crook to punish the renegades. The Indians took refuge across the frontier in northern Mexico, and were closely pursued. On the tenth of January a band of Indian scouts, commanded by Capt. Crawford, of the regular army, came upon Geronimo and his warriors among the Sierra Madre Mountains and captured their camp with a quantity of supplies and many horses. The Apaches themselves escaped. The next morning the Americans were surprised by a volley of musketry from a detachment of Mexican troops. Capt. Crawford advanced, making signs of friendship, but he was struck by a bullet and mortally wounded. The scouts returned the fire, killing five of the Mexicans. A parley was afterward held, and our soldiers were not again molested.

The report of Crawford's death was followed after a few weeks by the announcement of the capture of Geronimo and his band. Each of these events gives rise to serious questions: The people of the South-west and the army officers who were with Capt. Crawford say that his death was a cold-blooded murder, since the Mexicans must have known that they were firing upon United States troops. The War Department, however, considers the attack a mistake, but will investigate the matter.

Geronimo and his braves ask to be restored to their reservation without punishment, but the people of Arizona are determined that he and his followers shall be treated as common murderers.

The terms of his surrender have not yet been made public, and until they are known the course of the government cannot be predicted.

### Pronunciation.

A-pā'ches.
Ar-ĭ-zō'na.
Ath'ens.
Cŏr'inth.
Cyc'la-dēs.
Dē'los.
E-pī'rus.
Mă-ce-dō'ni-a (Mas'se-do'nĭ-a).
Mō-rē'a.
Pel'o-pon-nē'sus.
Pĕr'ĭ-clēs.
Phoe'bus (Phē'-).
Săl'a-mĭs.
Săp'phō (Săf'fō).
Sier'ra Măd're (-rā).
Thĕs'sa-ly.
Vĕn'ice.

### A Brief Survey.

The text of the treaty between France and Madagascar has been published. The Madagascans give up none of their territory and pay no indemnity for the war. A French resident is, however, to be received at the capital, and he will hear all disputes in which Frenchmen are involved. This settlement is considered to be very honorable for the Madagascans. ——France and Germany have come to an agreement defining the boundaries of their colonial possessions in Africa.——News comes from Switzerland that the Simplon tunnel has been begun. This tunnel is to accommodate the railroad between Geneva and Lake Maggiore. It will be twelve miles long, and its cost is estimated at about $20,000,000.——The police of Guatemala, Central America, have discovered a plot for overthrowing the government, killing the president, and plundering the city. Fifty arrests have been made.——Bismarck proposes to purchase for the crown all the real estate owned by Poles in Prussia, to be resold to German colonists. He is receiving congratulations from many German clubs for his course in Germanizing Poland.——According to the Nebraska census, published Feb. 1, the population has increased more than 50 per cent. since 1880, and is now 740,645. The growth in wealth has outrun the increase of population.——It is proposed to lay a direct telegraphic cable between San Francisco and Sydney, Australia. The estimated cost of the undertaking is $10,000,000.——Mrs. Bayard, the wife of the Secretary of State, died Jan. 31, from the shock occasioned by the death of her eldest daughter two weeks previous.——There are fears of a coke famine on account of the strike in the coke region. ——The French Chamber has voted to sell the crown jewels, valued at $40,000,000, to produce a fund for aged workmen.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

No colors gay, no paper lace,
No odors pressed from Persia's roses,
No Cupids breathing love and grace,
We would not charm your eyes and noses.
But still your valentine we'd be;
We'd have you read us, love us, bind us.
Cupid, a fickle friend is he,
But every week you'll surely find us.

CANDIED SENTIMENT.

School-boy Jack, with longing glances,
Gazes down "the spelling-line,"
At the maiden whom he fancies;
"She shall be his valentine."

From his pocket's darksome grotto
Grimy fingers bring to view
One gray, sticky candy motto,
With the legend, "I LOVE YOU."

In a leaf torn from his grammar
Carefully he folds the sweet,
And amid the school-room clamor
Drops his offering at her feet.

Bessie quickly grasps the token,
Jack looks on with rapture wrung,
As she smiling—no word spoken—
Reads, then—drops it on her tongue.

The moral of this truthful tale
To you we will impart;
It's strictly anatomical:
*The stomach's next the heart.*

—"Say, father, what makes sausage come out of its hole in the spring, and look around, and then if it isn't warm enough go back again?"

"Sausage! come out of its hole! The boy's crazy."

"No I aint, neither. Mother told me about it."

"O, I see; she meant ground-hog."

"Well, aint that sausage?"—*Ex.*

—An Eastern paper has this *erratum:* "In our paragraph yesterday, concerning thirteen ministers who had been spanked in infancy, for *spanked* read *sprinkled.*"

A restless youngster in the pew
At church was wondering what to do.
He dared not romp, he dared not walk,
He dared not sing, he dared not talk.
"Be good, be still," his mother said;
"You must not talk to brother Ned;
You must not make the slightest noise."
When all at once a little voice,
Heard by the congregation, rose,
"Take off my shoes. I'll work my toes."

—Man in a carriage (to farmer in the field)—"That corn doesn't look as though you'd get more'n half a crop."

Farmer in the field (to man in a carriage)—"Don't expect to. I'm working it on shares."

"I mean you wont get much to the acre."

"Don't expect to; only got half an acre."—*Ex.*

—A rolling pin gathers no moss, but it gathers locks of hair sometimes.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

Don't let the door stand open, but shut it with much care,
Without a bang, without a whang—yes, shut it fair and square;
Without a slam, without a jam, without a slat or jerk,
For if you've left it open, go shut it, and don't shirk.

No Christian man or woman, no well-trained chick or child,
Will let a door swing idly, to make weak nerves run wild;
When chilly winds are blowing—and some one taking cold—
While the open door is creaking and muttering like a scold.

Haste makes but waste, remember, so plenty take of time;
Don't leave the door half open—a fault almost a crime—
And if you've ever done this, don't do so any more;
Whatever else you fail to do, don't fail to shut the door.
—*Good Housekeeping.*

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